

E RUNAWAYS  
A Story of Antebellum Days.  
ANNA LAURA GRAVES.

...sah, ole Uncle Eph'um done  
y ag'in, sah."  
"thundered Colonel Ran-  
arting to his feet. "This is the  
r that negro has run away. I'll  
at this." And, catching up his  
d panama hat, he strode down  
ue toward the negro quarters.  
pped before the cabin of Aunt  
the wife of the recreant, and  
him by answering his unspo-  
ation.  
sah, he done run away ag'in,  
hen I git up dis mawnin' he  
me. It's pow'ful cu'ous, sah,  
me back. You know, he alius  
sawd knows I sho' is toah up  
hind about it. He knows what  
massa he got, and, 'peaks lak  
e come back he pow'ful shame  
f; but he done gone ag'in."  
as always the case with him,  
one's wrath had subsided by  
e he had reached Uncle Ephra-  
bin, and after hearin' Aunt  
explanation he said thought-  
t, tell Eph to come and see me  
e comes back; and we'll not  
for him this time." Then he  
slowly back to the house.  
over that day the family dis-  
the runaway. He had been  
the plantation and was a great  
with them all. He was only  
days older than the colonel,  
and been boys together, and the  
ad been devoted to "his white  
But every October for five  
eph had mysteriously disappear-  
appear again in about two  
a little shamefaced, and his  
planation to the darkies had  
at he "jes' had to go."  
colonel had maintained a long  
evidence. He remembered the dis-  
of unbroken loyalty and devo-  
Ephraim, and waited for him  
ain his disappearance, but the  
tion had never come. This  
e colonel had determined to ask  
t two weeks after this last Oc-  
day a disheveled old darky  
into Aunt Dinah's cabin. His  
were torn by brambles and cov-  
th the mud of the swamps. He  
tired, but happy. Uncle Ephra-  
returned.  
aid little by way of reply to the  
dings of Aunt Dinah, who gave  
good "tongue lashing" for his  
titude to ole massa to run off  
common field niggah." He  
at the last appellation, for  
Eph was quite an aristocrat in  
y, having been coachman in the  
eph family ever since he had ar-  
rest man's estate. He said noth-  
however, for he was rather a sh-  
rky.  
n Aunt Dinah had "had her  
he gave him the master's mes-  
He stopped smoking, his cob-  
rent out. At last he arose, put  
his battered hat and, without  
ing his mud stained garments,  
slowly up to the "big house."  
and Randolph solemnly surveyed  
rather beaten runaway.  
ll, Eph," he said sternly, "I've  
asked you before, but now I  
you to tell me why you ran  
alm, fingering his hat and look-  
his muddy shoes, said:  
It's jus' what I'm gwine to do,  
Phil. Seem lak I couldn't wait  
up none. I jus' got to tell you  
You know, Marse Phil" (and  
Eph coughed), "we been knowin'  
other a long time. You know my  
y wah yo' black mammy, too,  
n know we done play togadder,  
d, an' we hunted togadder, we  
n you know, Marse Phil, you  
outride anybody in dis coun-  
t we could," broke in the colo-  
greeting himself for the moment,  
scious of his role as judge of a  
ay negro and remembering only  
Dpy boyhood.  
ll, Marse Phil, you know in de  
sh, when de sun shines sort o'  
lak an' when de muscadines an'  
apes an' 'simmons an' ripe an' de  
uts an' droppin', sah, I jes' can't  
it nohow. I jes' 'bleeged to run  
Peahs lak I jes' recollect de  
Marse Phil, I do, when you an'  
ed to go possum an' coon huntin',  
en afterwhile, when I take de  
-an'. Lord, sich times as we  
An' now dey'n all married an'  
sah, but ole Eph, he jes' have to  
o de woods once a year an' kind  
umnavigate 'roun', sah, jes' fol-  
times, sah, I'ze pow'ful sorry to  
smode you, Marse Phil, but I tol'  
idn't Joe how to tek keer o' de  
sah, an' I jes' has to go, Marse  
I jes' has to."

days, long ago, when he had seen and  
felt all this so keenly, when the young  
blood coursed through his veins warm-  
ed by the fire of youth and when all na-  
med but to be speaking words  
ome, inviting him to come forth  
el in its beauties.  
"Eph," he finally said, "I have  
ne request to make of you. When you  
feel like running away again, I want  
you to tell me, and I'll go with you."  
"You go, Marse Phil, sho' nuff? All  
right, sah, I'll tell you, sah."  
The colonel turned and took up his  
paper. "Don't forget," he commanded.  
"I shall expect you to tell me." And  
the interview was ended.  
There were wild rumors afloat among  
the negroes as to the punishment Uncle  
Eph was to receive for running away,  
but Uncle Eph himself maintained a  
dignified silence. He sedately drove  
the colonel and his wife to church and  
through the country lanes to the houses  
where they attended the big dinners  
and teas. The subject was never again  
mentioned by the two old playmates.  
The year passed by and Indian sum-  
mer again threw her shimmering blue  
mantle over the distant mountains, and  
the leaves became golden and red and  
brown. One night the colonel sat late  
at his study-table. He was writing to  
his lawyer. He was tired, and somehow  
it seemed a task to him tonight. Sud-  
denly he heard soft footsteps in the  
hall.  
Who could it be? His wife had re-  
tired and Rob, the only son at home,  
had gone with his young wife to a  
country ball and would not be home for  
hours. The door was gently pushed  
open, and there appeared the woolly  
head and ebony face of Uncle Eph.  
"I'ze ready, sah," he said in a sepul-  
chral whisper.  
"Ready?" inquired the colonel in  
amazement. For a moment he had for-  
gotten the compact of a year ago, but  
only for a moment. He pushed aside  
the tedious letter and looked up at Eph  
expectantly. "Yes, we's ready, sah,"  
said Eph again. "It's a mighty fine  
night, sah. I'ze got de guns, sah, an'  
some meal an' coffee an' bacon, an' I  
lay we ken be a right smart ways off  
by mawain' if we step lively, Marse  
sniff."  
"Yes," said the colonel, and he step-  
ped out on the veranda. How beauti-  
ful everything looked in the moonlight!  
The balmy October air of the south  
was like a caress. The woods seemed  
to beckon them. Philip Randolph, the  
boy, could not withstand the tempta-  
tion. Grasping his bat, he looked at  
Eph, as he had done years before, when  
he waited for him to tell him when to  
shoot.  
Eph looked back at him, picked up a  
sack that was lying on the steps, then  
took up the guns.  
"De Parker woods is mighty 'tich',  
sah," he said.  
"Yes," repeated the colonel and fol-  
lowed him down the avenue. A few  
moments later and their figures were  
lost to view in the dense shade of the  
woods.  
Both the colonel and Eph had run  
away.—New York Times.

WHY SHE RESIGNED.  
The Member of a Woman's Club Con-  
founded the Two Popes.  
"For the last year or so my wife has  
been ambitious to shine as a literary  
light," said Smith, with a chuckle. "I  
don't know how many clubs she joined,  
but if there were any that she did  
not belong to it was because she had  
never heard of them."  
"The other night while I was read-  
ing my paper she interrupted me with  
a request for light about something  
that I did not catch except the word  
pope."  
"Well," said I, looking over my pa-  
per.  
"I want to know about him," she con-  
tinued. "I must read a paper concern-  
ing him at our next literary meeting,  
and I do not know a single thing about  
him. Who is he?"  
"Do you mean to say," said I, "that  
you know nothing about the head of  
the Roman church?"  
"Oh, of course!" she answered. "How  
stupid of me! I can read all about  
him in the encyclopedia."  
"I resumed my reading and thought  
that ended it, but it didn't. The other  
night when I returned home I found  
my wife in tears, and before I had time  
to inquire what the matter was I was  
called to account in 17 different kinds  
of keys.  
"Well, when the storm was over I  
learned the truth. It was the poet  
Pope and not the pope of Rome that  
she was expected to treat upon, and  
when she rose and read a paper on the  
pope it started a row that did not end  
with adjournment.  
"But, seeing that she has resigned  
from all the clubs and that the chil-  
dren once more have a chance to get  
acquainted with their mother, I do not  
look upon it as a calamity."—Detroit  
Free Press.

Two Towers.  
Students of architecture may have  
often wondered why the two towers  
of Notre Dame at Paris were not of  
the same size. It appears that when  
the cathedral was built it was the  
cathedral of a suffragan bishop, who  
was not entitled to two towers of equal  
height, and for centuries the bishop of  
Paris was suffragan to the Bishop of  
Sens.

A CITY NIGHT.  
Come, let us forth and wander the rich,  
the murmuring night.  
The sky blue dusk of summer trembles  
above the street.  
On either side uprising glimmer houses  
pale,  
But me the turbulent bubble and voice of  
crowds delight.  
For me the wheels make music, the  
mingled cries are sweet.  
Motion and laughter call; we hear, we  
will not fail.  
For see, in secret vista, with soft, retiring  
stars  
With clustered suns, that stare upon  
the throng below,  
With pendant dazzling moons, that cast a  
noonday white,  
The full streets beckon. Come, for toll  
has burst his bars,  
And idle eyes rejoice, and feet unheaving  
go.  
Oh, let us out and wander the gay and  
golden night.  
—Lawrence Binyon in New York Tribune

THE MYSTERY OF DREAMS.  
What Can Flit Through a Man's  
Brain in One Minute.  
It is very certain that the majority of  
dreams are only of momentary duration,  
though extended occasionally to the  
length of a minute.  
In proof of this Dr. Sholz tells the  
following story from his experience:  
"After excessive bodily fatigue and a  
day of mental strain of a not disagree-  
able kind I betook myself to bed after I  
had wound my watch and placed it on  
the night table. Then I lay down beside  
a burning lamp. Soon I found myself on  
the high sea on board a well known  
ship. I was again young and stood on  
the lookout. I heard the roar of water,  
and golden clouds floated around me.  
How long I stood so I did not know, but  
it seemed a very long time.  
"Then the scene changed. I was in  
the country, and my long lost parents  
came to greet me. They went me to  
church, where the loud organ sounded.  
I was delighted, but at the same time  
wondered to see my wife and children  
there. The priest mounted the pulpit  
and preached, but I could not under-  
stand what he said for the sound of the  
organ, which continued to play. I took  
my son by the hand, and with him as-  
cended the church tower, but again the  
scene changed. Instead of being near my  
son I stood near an early known but  
long dead officer. I ought to explain  
that I was an army surgeon during the  
maneuvers. I was wondering why the  
major should look so young, when quite  
close to my ears a cannon sounded.  
"Terrified, I was hurrying off, when  
I woke up and noticed that the supposed  
cannon shot had its cause in the opening  
of the bedroom door, through some one  
entering. It was as if I had lived  
through an eternity in my dream, but  
when I looked at my watch I saw that  
since I had fallen asleep not more than  
one minute had elapsed—a much shorter  
time than it takes to relate the occur-  
rence."—St. Louis Republic.

Improvement of Cotton.  
The history of sea island cotton is  
extremely interesting, as it serves as  
an example of the possibility of adapt-  
ing a tropical plant to the conditions of  
culture in temperate regions. About  
1785 seeds of this cotton were brought  
to Georgia from the Bahamas. Not-  
withstanding the good care they re-  
ceived and the mild winter the plants  
were killed down, but they came up  
again from the roots and with this  
start succeeded in ripening a few seeds  
before the first frost in the fall. The  
earliest of these seeds were sown in  
turn, and by continuing this process of  
selection the flowering period became  
earlier and earlier until now the plants  
ripen a large proportion of their seeds  
before frost even along the coasts of  
the Carolinas. Besides striving to ob-  
tain earlier maturing sorts very care-  
ful selection has for years been made  
with a view of increasing the length,  
fineness and strength of the staple.  
This selection is regularly practiced by  
all intelligent growers, and today it  
may be regarded as one of the neces-  
sary cultural methods. Every year a  
special patch of cotton is grown from  
selected seed, the plants in this patch  
are examined very carefully and the  
seed of the best individuals retained  
for planting a similar patch the next  
year, the seed of the remaining plants  
being used to plant the general crop.  
Under such continuous and vigorous  
selection the length and fineness of the  
fiber have gradually increased, until it  
is now recognized as superior to that  
grown anywhere else in the world and  
commands the highest price in the  
market.

Cottonseed Meal as Feed.  
Numerous experiments have shown  
that cottonseed meal produces in the  
same rations more and cheaper beef  
than the same amount of cornmeal  
and generally more than wheat bran.  
linseed meal and the other concentra-  
ted feeds. Cottonseed meal stands at  
the head of concentrated feeds. This  
is a sweeping statement, but the ex-  
periments are numerous, and the evi-  
dence upon which it is based is abun-  
dant. In four years' experiments at  
the Pennsylvania experiment station  
mixtures of cornmeal and cottonseed  
with coarse foods produced better and  
cheaper gains than cornmeal alone  
with the same coarse foods, cotton-  
seed meal replacing more than its own  
weight of cornmeal in the rations, and  
producing the amount of food required  
to produce a pound of gain.—Professor  
B. W. Kilgore.

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